They were BOTH urban planners....v

Hearse-Ferrari's Trotskyite Hippie"vision" of love was a vision of dullness, and the ultimate dullness - DEATH.

Crows twittering on the same frequency - twittering the same thing - as a metaphor for the internet was less day-dream than living nightmare - a real-life fascist fairy-tale of totalitarian accord.

Because they weren't birds. They were people - and not all the same. They did NOT agree - so they mustn't "twitter" on the same frequency. That really was for the birds.

Nobody could have been more mistaken and consequently more evil - than Hearse-Ferrari. It figured that he started as a Trotskyite apocalyptic totalitarian gangster.

Throwing money at "brain disease" wouldn't even cure brain disease - which was only a part of the problem - which in turn was only part of the reality.

He hoped Citizen Hearse was wrong about the internet too. It seemed quite likely.

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He wondered how they chose POSTER PEOPLE.

For one thing, they had POSTHUMOUS POSTER PEOPLE.

While in a video the idea might be DROLL or TWISTED, the reality - from what purported to be a HOSPITAL - was SICK.

It was grave-robbing....

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He thought it would be interesting to read one of $CAMH CEO Trixie Sane's tweets. It was appalling.

It made him puke....

A schizoid mixture of shlocky bathos over Robin Williams's suicide, and hard-nosed exploitation of it for brain disease.

The sentimentality looked put-on (she admired Russel Brand's schlock on schlock "fallen bird on a hard floor" - feh!), but the exploitation was real.

Likewise the dogmatism of Trixie's brain-disease approach to "mental helllness." No one ever put it more succinctly than herself: